

Sophie Davies

Foregrounded

A starting point of sharp velars
That cut and crack and cold consume,
And leave nothing but a blackened gloom,
Of faces lost and undefined.

A word that initiates thoughts in the mind
Of every thinker it lands upon,
Contrasting gentle with the strong
Emotions felt when read in whole.

The writer scoffs when hearing praise
Of how masterful his pen appears,
When it brings its audience to tears
Or lets them feel or empathise.

For the writer may agree, but he lies,
He put no thought into that verb,
But to tell the truth would greatly disturb
The poem's appeal or mystery.

As the importance is not whether it was meant to be,
But merely that on the page it lies,
And in every reader the poet tries
To foreground something strange and new.